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Buckstone - The Wreck Ashore
1834.

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THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
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Mrs Burnside

Back

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George Bournes

Mag. Jemmy, this won't do.
Jem. What won't do?
Mag. I'm afraid we're drunk and disorderly.

Act 1, *Scene* 4.

THE WRECK ASHORE;

A DRAMA,

IN TWO ACTS.

BY

JOHN BALDWIN BUCKSTONE.

PERFORMED AT

THE THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

LONDON:

WILLIAM STRANGE, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1834.

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FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
1918

G. COWIE, PRINTER
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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Drama is founded upon the story of LETITIA, in the Second Series of "TALES OF A VOYAGER." The subject has been dramatized at several of the Minor Theatres, but "THE WRECK ASHORE" was the first that appeared. The character of MAGOG is original, and the conduct of the story differs in many instances from its source.

The Dramatist cannot give a pleasanter proof of the success of his play, than in publishing the following letter from the highly talented Author of "TALES OF A VOYAGER:"

February 22, 1831.

My dear Sir,

I have done injustice to my own intentions, in delaying so long to express my admiration of the manner in which you have brought the tale of LETITIA upon the stage; nor will you, I am sure, impute my omission to any but its true cause, the consciousness I felt that praise from me would be superfluous after the voice of the public had so decidedly proclaimed your dramatic talents. I was not, however, less sensible of the ability you have shewn in fitting my humble offspring to appear before a theatrical audience, and you must allow me to thank you for the happy additions you have made to whatever attractions it might originally possess. In common with all my friends, I have highly enjoyed the humours of Master MAGOG; and among the various other improvements, I was particularly pleased with the conversion of Letitia's reverie into a dream of her lover. It is an incident finely conceived, and tells with considerable effect. I will not, however, pretend to criticise a piece which has received such unequivocal marks of approbation.

In expressing my gratification at the taste and talent you have shewn in "THE WRECK ASHORE," I cannot help adverting to the accomplished skill with which it was acted; and I cordially join in the public opinion, that more justice is done to the drama at the Adelphi Theatre than elsewhere; at least the truth, spirit, and unanimity shewn in the representation of your piece could not be excelled.

In concluding this letter, allow me, my dear Sir, to hope, that the personal acquaintance, with the prospect of which you flatter me, may not be very far distant, and believe me at all times

Yours, with sincere regard,

THE AUTHOR OF "TALES OF A VOYAGER."

J. B. Buckstone, Esq.

TO MASTER JOHN REEVE.

My Dear Friend John,

Hadst thou never enacted Magog, "The Wreck Ashore" might not have attained its great popularity; at all events, thine excelling representation of that burly scion of "Parishocracy" mainly assisted the Drama in its successful career; therefore I have considered it fitting to dedicate it to thee, with a hope that I may live to write for thee many years, and that we may long continue to be fellow-labourers in a vineyard whose fruit is wholesome and pleasant mirth, and where the chief reward for toil is joyous and heart-easing laughter.

I have now known thee some seven summers, an apprenticeship sufficient for the learning any man's disposition, and thine I have found to be a right good one; and though I confess to having sometimes rated thee, yet so often have I extolled thee, that the great balance in thy favour makes me still thy debtor.

May thy fine humour live with thee through life, and may thy love of fun never desert thee, for therein is token of a happy mind. And that thy generosity and warmheartedness may never know any ungrateful and chilling frost, is the sincere wish of

Thy Faithful Friend,

John Baldwin Buckstone.

Walcot Place, March 15, 1834.

CHARACTERS REPRESENTED

IN THE

FIRST ACT.

Miles Bertram, Squire of Moatley	Mr. YATES.
Walter Barnard, a young Farmer	Mr. HEMMING.
Captain Grampus, a Smuggler .	Mr. O. SMITH.
Marmaduke Magog, a Constable .	Mr. JOHN REEVE.
Jemmy Starling, a Farmer's boy .	Mr. BUCKSTONE.
William	Mr. MORDAUNT.
Andrew } Labourers. . .	Mr. MORRIS.
Thomas } Labourers. . .	Mr. FRY.
Harry } Labourers. . .	Mr. PRICE.
Lieutenant of Pressgang . .	Mr. CHAPMAN.
Sailors, &c., &c.	
Farmers and Labourers.	
Alice	Mrs. YATES.
Bella, her sister	Mrs. FITZWILLIAM.
Dame Barnard . .	Mrs. DALY.
Villagers.	

This drama was represented for the first time on the 21st of October, 1830.

ACT I.

Winter.

"Then came old January, wrapped well
"In many weeds to keep the cold away;
"Yet did he quake and quiver like to quell,
"And blow his nayles to warm them if he may."

SPENSER.

THE WRECK ASHORE.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

Exterior of Dame Barnard's Farm on the Essex Coast—The Farm-house R. H. S E. *with practicable door and window—A Stable* L. H. S E—*The Landscape is covered with snow, the water frozen.*

Enter Labourers L. H. U. E. *with pick-axes.*

Chorus of Labourers.

Up, lads up, the day is breaking,
Be not long your beds forsaking;
Whether there be rain or snow,
The labourer to his work must go.

Females enter L. H. U. E.

1*st Labourer.*

Your axe, friend Thomas; for the stream
Is frozen; and our thirsty team
Must water have, ere they can go
O'er the rough roads, and the frozen snow.

Chorus.

Wauns, its cold—bitter cold.

1*st Labourer.*

What! chilly, lads, while young and stout?
Nonsense, nonsense; stir about—
'Tis time to shrink when weak and old.

Chorus.

Each to his work. Away, away,
If we'd anger 'scape to-day.

(A Labourer breaks the ice with an axe, and dips a pail in for water; the females go into the Farm.)

Enter JEMMY *from Stable, with pitchfork and lanthorn.*

Jem. Well, lads, here you be, all ready for work; now I must tell you all what to do, according to the destructions given me last night by Miss Alice, our Missusses' head manager. You, Zachariah Snubbs, look to the pigs, and ringle all they as enquire the same—*(Exit a labourer* S E. L. H.)—You, Tummas, Harry, and Hiram Taylor, go into the barn, and cut six bushels of chaff for the cows—*(Three others exeunt,* S E. L. H.) —You, Andrew Phipps, go and water the horses.—*(Exit labourer with pails,* S E. L. H. *leaving his pick-axe near the farm)* —Then, Jacob and Josiah, you help him to put 'em to the waggon, and take a load o' turnips to Gaffer Clover—but you ben't to leave 'em without the money, as Missus says he's a man of conspicus carackter, and by no means to be a creditor—*(Others go out* R. H. U. E.)—All the rest of you, if you wish to save your health, jump about and keep yourselves warm, if you can—*(All go off* R. H. U. E.)—That's all off my mind. I'm afear'd so much diversion o' my faculties will throw me into a consumption, because Doctor Bone says I be of a feverish institution, and ought to keep myself as quiet as my indignant circumstances will permit—*(A gun is fired,* L. H. U. E.)—Bless my heart! what a condition my nerves must be in, when a gun makes me jump so—I must speak to Doctor Bone upon the subject—*(Looks out.)*—Oh! its young Squire Bertram electrifying the hares and partridges. I wonder if he's got over the cut o' the head Miss Alice gave him with a spead when he wanted to be owdacious to her; however, he must take care o' my young master Walter, because I have raisons to suspect that he is her true lovier; and when one *is* once a true lovier, one is 'clined to be fightish, and show violent simpletons.

Enter MILES L. H. U. E. *reloading his gun.*

Miles. Ah, my little Starling—all up and busy on the farm, eh?—and Alice the foremost amongst you, I warrant.

Jem. I have not seed her as yet, Sir. Pray, Sir, if I may be so bold as to ask, how you got the hurt on your head so soon well? I suppose as you be so conveylissom, Doctor Bone gave you an inscription to put on it?

Mil. The Doctor was, certainly, skilful.

Jem. Oh, that 'ere Doctor Bone! he's a man of immense talons.

Mil. I must be cautious that I do not meet with such another tumble———

Jem. Tumble, eh! He, he, he! Pray don't think me imperent or consuming, but take a young chap's counsel as have seed a good deal of this world and its infernal organs, as Doctor Bone says; when a pretty girl ben't willing to be kissed like, never go too far when she's a spead close at hand—*(Crosses to* L.)—He, he, he! You understand; that's advice gratis, as Doctor Bone says. *(Exit into stable.*

Mil. All the boobies on the farm seem to know of the repulse I met with from Alice. What an idiot am I to think of a girl that I am convinced has no love for me. Well, well, I'll see her for the last time, and if she still has a smile for Walter Barnard and a frown for Miles Bertram, a trip to London, or a cruise with Captain Grampus, will be of infinite service to the despised lover. I think I hear her voice. Alice! are you there?—*(Taps at the Cottage-door;* WALTER BARNARD *appears.)*

Wal. (R.)—Who asks for Alice?

Mil. Walter! how now, my lad, you look sulkily.

Wal. It is time to look so, when neither good words nor harsh deeds will keep a man from a pursuit, wherein he is not wanted, and can never obtain his object.

Mil. It is, then, as I suspected; my successful rival stands before me. Harkye, Walter, you have ever been my rock a head,—ever my superior; at our school, in the race, in the sports of the field,—and even now, when I would contend with

you for the heart of a silly girl, still am I followed by the same ill luck. 'Sdeath! I should like to try a desperate struggle with you, before I quite leave you to your laurels; not that I care so much for the girl—but to be ever thrust aside, in this fashion, wounds my pride,—will you try a fall with me? or snap a pistol at ten or twelve paces?

Wal. I will do neither, Miles Bertram; all I ask of you, is to discontinue your notice of Alice; shake hands with me, and turn your thoughts elsewhere.

Mil. (*Putting his gun near the stable,* L. H. S E.)—Just one struggle; here, upon this spot. Now, Walter, foot to foot, and arm to arm.

Wal. No, no, begone, we shall have the people of the farm observe us.

Mil. You shall, by heaven you shall—(*Seizing him*)—or I'll dash my fist in your face, and brand you as a coward.

Wal. Take your hands from me.—(*Music.*)—You will not! (*They struggle;* WALTER *throws him on* R. H.; MILES *regains his feet, seizes an axe at the farm door, and is rushing on* WALTER, *when* STARLING *runs from the stable, takes up* BERTRAM'S *gun, and presents it at him.*)

Jem. Drop the axe, or I'll perpetrate you with a duck-shot.

Wal. Go to your work, Sir.

Jem. Not till he drops the axe—or I'll make a suicide of him, and send him again to Dr. Bone.

Wal. Give it me—(*Takes the gun from* JEMMY *and offers it.*) There's your gun, Miles, take it, and own yourself fairly beaten.

Mil. Beaten!

Wal. Hush! here's the girl; take the gun, and don't let her be a witness to our squabbling.—(MILES *takes the gun, crosses to* L. H. *and goes off at the first entrance, darting a look of fury at* WALTER.)

ALICE *enters from the farm with a book and pen in her hand.*

Alice. Heyday! What disturbance is this so early in the morning? I want you, James.—(JAMES *comes down* R.)—You must run instantly to Farmer Fallowfield, and tell him that his offer will be taken for the two cows.

Jem. Yes, I know—*(Going.)*

Ali. And, James, call at—no, no, that will do to-morrow morning.

Jem. Do you want anything nice from Dr. Bone's? Some cooling notion, or a bottle of convulsions for the cook's cough?

Ali. No, no; do as you're bid, and make haste. Where is Miles? Gone!—*(Exit* JEMMY R. H. U. E.)—I'm glad of it; his presence is very irksome to me; I wish he would go to the sea that he seems to have such an inclination for. I heard your mother asking for you, Walter.

Wal. Very likely; she will never let me be in peace.

Ali. Nay, nay, don't speak so pettishly, Walter; she is a good industrious soul, and does every thing for the best. Let me see, I must put down all the milk I have sent into the dairy this morning: Six gallons of skimm'd; one ditto cream —*(Writing.)*

Wal. Alice!—*(Violently.)*

Ali. Bless me, how you made me jump;—here's a blot on my book.

Wal. I cannot endure the tyranny of my mother any longer.

Ali. Hush! hush!

Wal. Her violence is past bearing. I can neither think nor speak, but as she dictates; this was all well enough when a child, but now I am determined to follow my own inclinations.

Ali. Don't be rash, Walter.

Wal. My attachment for you daily becomes more apparent; and were it known by her, I dread the consequences.

Ali. Nay, nay, dear Walter, let us wait patiently; submit to her temper; you never hear *me* complain, and I meet with some sharp rebuffs now and then; but I look forward, and do my duties, with a light heart, and such gay hopes before me, that I can't be sad, even if I would.

Wal. Dear, dear Alice, you teach me to love you more than ever. *(Kisses her hand; Dame* BARNARD *puts her head out of the farm-house window.)*

Dame. Walter, Walter, how dare you, Sir? pretty doings, indeed—pretty doings. *(She disappears.)*

Ali. Oh, Walter, I tremble from head to foot.

Wal. Now I am resolved how to act.

Enter Dame from the Farm.

Dame. (Crosses to C.*)*—It is, then, as I suspected. How dare you, Madam, presume to give any encouragement to the attentions of my son; and you, Sir, what right have you to have any thoughts of my dairy maid?

Wal. Whatever she may be, she's an honest and a good girl, and as fitting a match for me as any lady in the land.

Dame. Who gave you leave to have any opinion on such a subject, Sir?

Wal. My own heart.

Dame. Your own stupidity, rather.

Wal. Mother, from this day I'll have a will of my own; I will not be ruled like a child.

Dame. Dare to answer me in that strain again, and I'll close my doors against you for ever.

Wal. As soon as you please.

Ali. (R.)—Walter! Mistress!

Dame. Silence, hussey! address my son as Walter again if you dare.

Ali. Don't let me be the cause of any unhappy difference. I would rather return to the humble roof of my father.

Dame. That you shall do instantly; I'll have no love-

making and foolery in my house. Give me your book.—*(Snatches the book from Alice, who goes up* R. H.*)*—And you, Sir, come to me in an hour, and I'll speak to you severely. Would you disgrace yourself and your family? Don't utter another word, Sir. As for you, my fine miss, if I see your face on this farm, in half an hour hence, I shall tell you a little more of my mind; leave the place—go. *(Exit into farm.)*

Ali. I knew this wretched day would come, though I strove to forget the thought.

Wal. Do not weep, Alice. I have saved sufficient to establish myself in a small farm. I have some good friends on the other side of the river, who will assist me, and then I will return to you.

Ali. Do not leave your mother.

Wal. I am fix'd, Alice. Go back to your father, dear girl. I will be with you to-morrow in the evening, to speak of plans for the future. Do not weep, dear, 'tis all that makes me unhappy to see you in tears.

Ali. Alas! I am the cause of all this.

Enter Dame from the Farm.

Dame. Come, madam, in, and pack up your trumpery; you leave this place instantly; no words, in with you and depart.—(ALICE *goes slowly into the farm.*)—Idiot!—*(to Walter.)*—Is it for this I have toiled late and early? Is it for this I have saved and put away? I am ashamed of you. *(Exit into farm.*

Wal. Must I then see the object of my affections depart like a degraded wretch from the house in which I feel I ought to be master. Ah! Mother, you know not how your severity wrings me; but courage! I have some fifty or sixty good guineas by me, so I'll e'en venture upon the world with a stout heart, that shall defy the evils of the present, and only cherish fair hopes of the future. *(Exit into the farm.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Moatley Manor; a sliding pannel in L. H., *and a small cupboard in the* R. H. *flat; sketches of shipping upon the wall.*

Enter MAGOG L. H., *rehearsing speech.*

Gentlemen of the Westry,—Bearing in mind the sentiments of my late father, the beadle, I, I,—what shall I say, then? Dear, dear, I shall never get my maiden speech ready by the next westry dinner. I ought to say something to the pint, for the honour of my family; something astonishing. What a great man I am. My late father was beadle of the parish, and I, his son and heir, am just appointed constable. Now, let me see if any vagrants will dare to come near my staff, or anybody attempt to break the peace. There never shall be no disgraceful rumpusses, now I'm come into power.

BELLA *sing swithout,* R. H. 1 E.

Will you go a maying, love,
A maying, love—a maying, love?
Will you go a maying, love,
In the spring-time of the year?

That's Bella's voice—a nice little girl—very young, but very insinuating. I think I ought to take her into custody, because something whispers that she has broken my peace. Ah! my late father, the beadle, was the man for my money; I wish I inherited his awful hair. I've seen him frown at the little boys in church-time so majestically, they used to sink into their very half-boots;—wish I was like him. He married three wives, and I've not yet arrived at one; but he was such a commanding figure!

Enter BELLA *singing,* R. H. 1 E.

Bel. Ah! Mr. Magog, is it you—how do you do to-day? You are a great man, now, I hear—appointed constable of the parish.

Magog. Yes; I've just come into power. I'm one of the parishocracy.

Bel. What's that?

Mag. A branch of the aristocracy, and to be one of that order means a man born to a good place; or, as we say in the vulgar tongue, with a silver spoon in his mouth.

Bel. Well, I hope you'll be merciful.

Mag. I'm naturally so, Bella. I never could wantonly crush an insect, or put my foot upon a beetle in my life; the former reminded me of the short summer of our mortal existence, and the latter led me to think of my late father.

Bel. You are quite eloquent to-day, Mr. Magog.

Mag. I'm practising for to-morrow; there's to be a westry dinner, and I'm to make a speech.

Bel. And what do you intend to say?

Mag. That depends upon the inspiration of the moment.

Bel. The what?

Mag. The inspiration.

Bel. What very fine words you do make use of!

Mag. What would become of a man in office without 'em? Wasn't I educated at a seminary for young gentlemen, where I was taught to read, write, and multiply—(*putting his arms round her waist*)—where I received my first rudiments; give me a kiss, Bella.

Bel. Keep your distance, sir; I don't allow of any of your rudiments.

Mag. See what it is to be without education! A girl of intellectual acquirements would have rushed into my arms, and have devoted her life to intense passion. Bella, how old are you?

Bel. Fifteen.

Mag. Quite a child—if you were a little more wax'd in years, I'd make you a very handsome offer.

Bel. Of what, pray?

Mag. Of myself, and this waistcoat.

Bel. Nonsense.

Mag. Dont say so; matrimony's a serious affair.

Bel. With you it cou'dn't be. Ha, ha, only fancy people calling me Mrs. Magog.

Mag. My late father had three Mrs. Magogs; I was the fruit of his third wenture.

Bel. And you wish to make me the object of your first—all I can say is, that I can give you no hopes at present.

Mag. You are not engaged, I hope?

Bel. Yes, I am promised to my father.

Mag. Promised to your father!

Bel. He has my word that I should hasten home this afternoon, which I shall never do if I stay chattering with you. I have only come here with some needlework that I had to do for Mrs. Bertram, and have been from home nearly an hour—so good bye, Mr. Constable.

Mag. Well, Bella, if we can't be lovers, let us be friends.

Duett.—Both.

Though lovers we are not, still let us be friends,
And gossip the moments away:
Leave love to old time, for we know that he sends
Odd chances, and changes each day.

Mag. We poor single fellows, as old stories tell us,
Are bodies in half ever roaming about.
The men for half women, the girls for half fellows,
And those who die bachelors, halves are without.

Bel. I'm inclin'd to believe it, and if when united,
Folks quarrel and worry from morning till night,
In search for their halves, they've been surely benighted,
While those who live happy have met with the right.

Mag. I think you're the half that's belonging to me,

Bel. Oh no, Sir, I think you mistaken must be,
My half must be handsome and sweet to the eye.

Mag. You'll be puzzled to find a half sweeter than I.

Bel. No, no.

Mag. Yes, yes, 'tis so.

Both Well, well, if not lovers, &c.

They Dance—and Bella goes off, L. H.

Mag. Sweet little dear that, and one that I intend shall be my humble instrument in carrying the noble name of Magog to posterity—(*footsteps*, R. H. 1 E.)—Here comes the squire; he'll wonder what business I have here. It's the butler's fault, he asked me to walk in.

Enter Miles, R. H.

Miles. To be struck to the ground and baffled by such a hind—he shall not have the girl; on that point I am fix'd.

Mag. He says I shan't have the girl—he has overheard us.

Miles. I shall ever hold myself in contempt, if I suffer it—*(seeing Magog)*—why are you here, sir?

Mag. (aside.)—If he breaks the peace, I'll take him into custody. Sir, I came to dine with Mr. Blackbottle, the butler.

Miles. Psha! you'll not find him here; that's the way to the kitchen.—(R. H.)

Mag. (Crosses to R. H.*)*—So my nose informs me. You'll excuse what I am about to observe, Sir, but, as a parochial officer, I flatter myself I am not to be despised.

Mil. Well, Sir.

Mag. From what I have just heard, you have an eye upon a young girl; and, stop, Sir, hear *me*, if you please; and by having such an eye, may prevent her doing well in the world; now, Sir, as an officer of this parish, it is my duty to observe—

Mil. Zounds! every idiot is acquainted with my thoughts and actions. Most sapient Mr. Magog, I desire you to quit the room.

Mag. My late father, the beadle, would have alarmed you very considerably if you had been carrying on such rigs in his lifetime.

Mil. (taking him by the collar.)—Get out, fool, or you shall fly from the window into the road.

Mag. A flying constable would be a novelty in natural history. If you make any such transformation in me, or commit any assault upon my person, I'll take you into custody.

Mil. (Shaking him, and throwing him on the ground.)—Here, William!—*(Enter two Servants,* R. H.)—Away with this fellow.

Mag. Fellow, indeed! you may consider yourself taken up.

Mil. Will you take him below?

Mag. Below! that's where you will certainly be found one of those days; and if my company's a nuisance *here*, I don't wish to repeat the offence by meeting you *there.* Lead the way, Mr. William. [*Exit, following Servants,* R. H. 1 E.

Mil. The dullness of my life wearies me; I was not formed for this unvarying round of existence. The sea, the wild and glorious sea, has ever been my passion, and if fortune still continues to frown, there will I forget the petty taunts which have lately galled me. 'Sdeath! I feel hipp'd and miserable to day. A dram of my friend Grampus's brandy will do me no harm.—*(Goes to closet* R. H. *flat.)*—What have we here?—*(Bringing forward the model of a ship completely rigged.)*—A work of my boyhood—a token of my early predilection. This has been the labour of many a happy hour; there she is, with her top gallant masts up, her jib and stunsail booms run out, her signal halliards thro' her trucks, and all taut. How have I looked at this token when a boy, and pondered on the happy lives of the bold rovers of the ocean.—*(Knock at pannel,* L. H.*)*—Apropos, 'tis the signal of my friend Grampus, with a present of real moonshine, I trust.—*(Miles puts the model into the closet, draws pannel, and Grampus enters.)*—Well, Captain, what luck; have you had a successful cruise?

Gram. Yes; tolerable at last; but how's this? nothing to give a friend when he visits you? My pistol is drain'd.—*(Turning down an empty spirit pistol.)*

Mil. We've some of the last supply remaining.—*(Brings a spirit case from closet, and fills glass.)*—Another.—*(Grampus drinks again.)*

Gra. I've news for you. Walter Barnard——

Mil. What of him?

Gra. I think you and he are no cater cousins.

Mil. I've no great love for him, I confess.

Gra. And I hate him, hate him worse than the fiend, or a Custom-house officer.

Mil. (R.) You can't forget his kindness.

Gra. (L.) Didn't he spoil the making of my fortune by his cursed tattling two years since? had not I the finest cargo that ever came from Mynheer? the boats were ready—the countrymen willing to fight for me to the last—my tubs upon the very banks of the river, when flash, in a moment, down came the blockade upon us, and all was lost. Who was the cause?—Why Barnard, Walter Barnard—and if he's any blood in his veins, the sight of that alone shall make me forget my bitter loss.

Mil. Blood! that thought has once or twice flash'd upon *my* brain—but, *no, no,* I've not so much malice in me,

Gra. Wilt come on board to night, and have a carouse with me and my mates? I've a rare project to break to you, that will make us rich.

Mil. Ah, we'll talk of that in the evening. But what of Barnard?

Gra. He has had words with his mother, and leaves her to-night, with some gold in his purse, and a determination never to return. I overheard the dispute—'tis about a wench on the farm. That gold might help to repair the loss he caused me.

Mil. You wouldn't rob him?

Gra. Rob him! perhaps not, but I'd knock his brains out.

Mil. No, no, don't think of it.

Gra. He will be crossing the river this evening to the opposite coast; I shall meet him on the road, that he may know I am still living.

Mil. I'll be with you—your lugger's in the old snug place,

I suppose, the Gully Creek. I'll be with you, for between you and I, my last trip to London has confoundedly involved me.

Gra. Wenching and dicing, eh?—Well, well, I'll set you ship-shape again, and then a rope's-end for the bailiffs. (*Footsteps*, R. H. 1 E.)

Mil. Hush, some one comes; farewell, Captain. To-night——

Gra. I shall expect you.

[*Exit through pannel*, L. H. *flat.*

Music.—Enter William, R. H. 1 E.

Wil. Sir, there are two strange looking fellows lurking about the yard.

Mil. Are they bailiffs, think you?

Wil. I do indeed, sir. Your mother also suspects it; and I heard her say she was determined not to assist you any farther, and that you must now take the consequences of your bad company and extravagance.

Mil. Well, we can't always buy our pleasures cheaply. Thank you, William. Be in no alarm for me, but still deny that I am here.

Wil. I will, Sir. [*Exit* R. H. 1 E.

Mil. This fixes me. To night the sea and I will commence an acquaintance, that I hope will last for years.

[*Exit through pannel.*

SCENE III.

A Part of the Farm Yard. Alice enters, followed by several of the servants of the farm; Thomas, Harry, Andrew, and females, L. H.

And. Nothing will go right now you be going to leave us.

Thom. I can't think what Missus can mean by it; it bodes no good, I know.

Harry. It's a shame.

All. It's not right.

Ali. Nay, nay, my kind friends, our mistress may have some one coming in my place that may be of more service to her, or——

All. No, no.

Ali. Besides, I may have displeased her; we are all apt to do wrong sometimes, you know, and people are not obliged to put up with our errors if they don't chuse. Good bye, my kind friends. If I don't come to *you*, I know you'll often call at *my* father's poor cottage to tell me the news; I shall be happy to see any of you; it's hard to part with one's old friends, too.—*(Crying.)*

And. It breaks my heart to see you a going, you've always been so kind to us. Drat it, such a short notice, too; it's a cruel shame.

Enter JEMMY *loaded with boxes, crying.*—(L. H.)

Jem I've got a hosses vacation at my heart, as Dr. Bone says. Only to think that you should be going away; dear, dear, nobody's onotomy never was cut up so as mine is. Miss Alice, just take this bit o' paper, there's a lucky farden in it, which I want you to have for a keepsake, that you may think o' me when I am out of sight. Do take it, it will compose my fractured mind—

When that you see
Remember me
Tho' ever so far off you may be.

Ali. Thank ye, James, your intention is kind, and I will take it. *(James crosses to* R.)

Thom. And this silk handkerchief.

Har. And this pocket-book.

And. And this silver penny.

All. And this thimble, this pencil-case, and this gilt ring, and this book of ballads.

They all throng round her and offer their gifts.

Ali. Thanks, thanks, my kind friends; though I shall [illegible]d

little to call you to remembrance. You must all have something from me in return; it is but fair, you know.

Enter Walter. (L. H.)

Wal. Come, come, my lads, you must not loiter here; you'll have your mistress about you in a moment. I heard her calling for some of you.—(*All bid Alice adieu, and go off.*—(L. H.)—James, make haste with the boxes that you may return before you are missed.—(*Alice is on the* L. H. *tying her bundle.*)

Jem. Bless you, I ha' got leave to be away for the rest o' the day; for when I get rid o' these I be going to the manor house, to bring home Mr. Magog, the constable, with a lanthorn, 'cause when he goes to dine with Mr. Blackbottle, the butler, he always wants to walk home on his head. So I must make haste. Good bye, Miss Alice; I shall call and see you soon; all in the family way, as Doctor Bone says.

[*Exit with boxes*, (R. H.)

Wal. I must now take my leave of you, Alice, but to-morrow evening you shall again see me, when I hope to be master of my own deeds. You have promised our friends here some little remembrances—have you nothing for your poor Walter?

Ali. Yes—(R.)—and you must be very careful of it. You recollect, Walter, one night our sitting on the window-seat when only the moon and the bright frosty stars were witnesses to kind and unforgotten words that I must never hear again?

Wal. Yes, Alice.

Ali. Hush! You recollect asking me for a lock of my dark hair, and which I was then loath to give, because it is said to be sometimes an unlucky gift between two lovers?

Wal. Well, Alice.

Ali. You are laughing, because I said lovers.

Wal. Nay, nay; are we not so? I should be wretched indeed, were we not.

Ali. Well, that night I *did* cut a little lock, still I was fearful of giving it you; wiser people than I have listened to old sayings you know, Walter; but as we are to part, perhaps seldom to see each other again, and as nothing can ever equal the unhappiness of this day, I shall now give it you. Here it is, Walter—*(producing a lock of hair from a paper.)*—'Tis the only keepsake your poor Alice can give, but I think you will prize it.

Wal. What gift from Alice would not be prized by me? —*(takes out a leather purse, presses the lock to his lips, and puts it into the purse.)*—There it is, safe as the guineas that are there, and when next I show it you, I hope that it may be upon a day when I shall see upon this third finger of your little left hand, a plain ring, Alice, and that shall be *my* keepsake. Now promise to be faithful to me.

Ali. Faithful, Walter!—that I will be to the last hour of my life.

Wal. And when *I* prove untrue ——

Ali. There will then be one heart still, that is now beating with sincerest love.

Enter BELLA, R. H. *crying.*

Bel. Oh sister, I'm so wretched; Jemmy has told me all the bad news.

Wal. Bella, you must not cry, you must be merry and cheer your sister's spirits. Farewell, Alice, to-morrow you will see me.

Ali. (C.) But you must not leave your mother; indeed you must not.

Wal. When she sees that I am independent of her she may be less severe.

Ali. You will not cross the river to-night, I hope?

Wal. To-night, Alice, for I have no time to lose. One kiss, dearest, if I never press your lips again.—*(Kisses her.)*

Bel. Oh fie! *(hiding her face in her apron.)* Tell me when it's all over.

Ali. Good bye, Walter.

Bel. *(Crosses to* L.) Good bye, Mr. Walter. *(Crosses to* R.)

[*Music.*

Wal. Good bye, bless you, bless you both.

[*Exit* WALTER, L. H. BELLA *and* ALICE R. H.

SCENE IV.

View of the Marshes near the River, on the Essex Coast, by Moonlight. Floodgates and Bridge towards R. H. *A stunted Willow,* R. H.

Grampus *(discovered on the bridge.)*—It's a sharp night, and the mist comes rolling over the marshes in clouds. I see nothing yet of either of them; I hope the bailiffs have not laid their grappling irons on young Miles; he's a bold lad, and if I've any weight with him, we shall see rare sport in the Spanish colonies.

Mil. *(Without,* L. H. 1 E.)—Grampus!

Gra. Yeo ho! here he is; this way.

Enter MILES. L. H. 1 E.

Mil. Here you are; I could'nt discern you through the mist. Is your lugger still snug in the creek?

Gra. All's right.

Mil. Can you get out of the river to-night?

Gra. We may.

Mil. This place is now too hot for me, Captain. Bills overdue, and bailiffs in full chase, have driven me to a hasty leave of my home. Take me where you will, Grampus, so that I am away from Essex by the morning.

Gra. That's brave; then huzza for the Spanish main.

Mil. The Spanish main?

Gra. Aye; and a good ship, and the changing of Captain Grampus and the young Squire of Moatley into gallant commanders of a privateer. What say you to that?

Mil. It has been the dream of my boyhood, the ambition of my riper years—can it be done?

Gra. Trust to me, and we shall not fail.

WALTER—*(Without*—L. H. 1 E.*)*—Hollo! who's there?

Gra. Do you know that voice, Miles?

Mil. Yes; but we'll not meet him now; we've better things to think of—come on.

Gra. He lost me a fortune, he ———

Mil. Nay, nay, don't think of petty losses, when we've an El Dorado in view. *(Retires towards* S E. R. H.)

Enter WALTER, L. H. 1 E. *armed with a stick.*

Wal. Who's there *(seeing Miles)* You here!

Mil. What brings the happy lover on this dreary marsh, at a time when he should be sitting by the fire-side with his true love?

Wal. Miles Bertram, it is not my wish to exchange a word with you; let me pass quietly.—(GRAMPUS *points his pistol at* WALTER—MILES *perceiving it, stands in the way of his fire.*)

Mil. You would'nt think that I am doing you a great kindness at this moment—you would'nt give me credit for so much good feeling.

Wal. Will you let me pass on? I'm not in a state of mind to be interfered with by you, or any like you.

Mil. Like me!—You speak in a tone of contempt, Master Walter. I may not brook it.

Wal. I care not for your brooking it—why are you watching me, have you turn'd a paltry spy?

Mil. I have fought with my temper many a time; I have struggled to persuade myself that I cared not for you; but now

the bitterness of my dislike rises so strongly within me, that it is clear, cool as I am at this moment, that I hate you.

Wal. Every one has his foe; and 'tis a consolation to me, that beside yourself I know not of another enemy in the world.

(Quamin hearing this walks quietly between them.)

Gra. (L.) That's a lie; you know me, don't you.

Wal. (L.) 'Tis little good that I know of you; let me pass on: am I to be stopp'd at every turn by fellows that I despise?

Gra. Fellows! *(catching him by the collar.)* I should like to shake the life out of you.

Wal. Take your hands from me. You are cowards, or you would not both fasten on me.

Gra. Oh there, there, *(throws him away)* I've done with you. I leave you to your acquaintance here. I'll be quiet and look on. *(Crosses to R.)*

Wal. Villains! *(endeavouring to pass.)*

Mil. What! *(stopping him.)*

Wal. Come, come, I shall not submit to this.

Mil. Walter.

Wal. Stand aside, Sir!—(WALTER *strikes him violently,* MILES *staggers back to* L. H. *as* WALTER *gains the bridge.)*

Mil. A blow! your pistol, Captain.—(*Music.* MILES *snatches the pistol from* QUAMIN, *and fires at* WALTER, *who falls on the bridge.* MILES *stands appalled against* L. H. *wing, scarcely crediting the deed. He drops the pistol.*

Gra. (R.)—That's a good shot; you've brought down the mallemuck *(going towards bridge)*; he'll never tell tales again to custom-house officers *(searching him).* Oh, oh, here's the purse, and the guineas too *(coming forward with the purse).* A fair prize. Why, how you stand!

Mil. (L.)—To what extremes have my frenzy led me! Is—is he dead?

Gra. If he an't he ought to be *(examining purse).* What have we here? A lock of hair; Oh, oh, a love token. Ah,

those days have passed with me; I was fond of the women once myself. What's the matter?

Mil. Blood is upon my head. I am a murderer.

Gra. Don't be a child.—(MAGOG *heard singing,* L. H. *s* E.

Mil. Hark! we shall be seen.

Gra. Steady your helm, and stand out to sea. [*Music.*

Mil. I cannot pass him.

Gra. Psha—On to the boat.—(MILES *exit over bridge.* R. H. U E. GRAMPUS *picks up pistol and follows.)*

MAGOG *sings again.* L. H. *s* E.

At the sign of the Horse
Old Spintext of course
Each night took his pipe and his pot;
O'er a jorum of nappy
Quite pleasant and happy
Was placed this canonical sot.
Tol de lol, de lol lol, de ri da.

JEMMY *and* MAGOG *enter* L. H. *s* E. *arm in arm,* JEMMY *carrying a lanthorn;* MAGOG *very drunk, and smoking a short pipe, both singing.*

Mag. Oh, Mr. Blackbottle, you are the Mogul of all butlers. My father, the beadle, never tucked such wine under his gold-laced waistcoat; it would have done his old cocked hat good to have tasted it. Jemmy, Jemmy, this won't do.

Jem. What won't do?

Mag. I'm afraid we're drunk and disorderly; if so, as parish constable, I mnst take myself into custody, and fine myself five shillings. Jemmy, lend me five shillings to fine myself with. Never neglect your duty, Jemmy, that's a parish officer's golden rule.

Jem. Mr. Magog, if you can't contrive to contain your poppindickler, you'll fall on terra's farmer, as Doctor Bone observes.

Mag.—Mind your own business. I know my duty. I'm an upright man.—(JEMMY *lets go of him, and he falls across,* R. H.)

Jem.—Will you get up?

Mag. It's all very well to say get up, but how do you do it? (*Sings*)

I'd crowns resign to call her mine,
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill.

Jemmy, I should like to go a skaiting.

Jem. I dare say; a rum figure you'd cut. Come, Mr. Magog, correct yourself upright; for if you stay here a wobbling them ditties in the cold, you'll catch an incommittee fever, and there'll be a bill for the parish to pay.

Mag. Do you know I'm the parish constable?

Jem. I'm awar on it.

Mag. You're awar on it.

Sings—"Here's a health to them that's awa!"

I'm constable, and as such, I authorize you to take me up.—(*Jemmy tries ineffectually to raise him up.*)

Jem. I never had so much trouble for sixpence. I sha'nt wait any longer. I shall go over the bridge. Oh! no, that's the way to the river—(*seeing* WALTER.)—Oh! oh! look there.

Mag. I see it.

Jem. Here's a mangle.

Mag. A what?

Jem. A mangled body of a fellow-subject.

Mag. Ask him who did it.

Jem. It's young Master Walter—he's dead. (MAGOG *tries to rise, but cannot.*

Mag. Dead! Master Walter! where's my staff? alarm the parish—help. (*Musing*—JEMMY *raises him and drags him off,* L. H. 1 E. *calling help, murder, &c.*—WALTER *rises, faintly staggers towards the* L. H., *and again falls senseless.*

Enter Lieutenant and three Press Gang, R. H. 1 E.

Lieu. Hollo! what squall has sprung up here? I wish we

could catch some of these noisy lubbers, and get them safely on board our tender. We've been unlucky in this place, not a hand press'd to night.

Sailor. Look, look, who have we here? Ha! a man severely wounded. Hollo, mate, how's this?

Lieu. He seems a fine young fellow—been knocked on the head and robbed, I suppose.

Sailor. As it is so far from any help ashore, suppose we take him aboard? Our surgeon knows more about these matters than we do.

Lieut. He must not be left here; should there be life in him, it can't be preserved for a better cause than his country's; and if he be dead we can but give him a sailor's grave—forward, lads. (*Music.—They carry* WALTER *off over the bridge.* R. H. U. E.

Voices heard L. H 1 E. "*Which way—Follow.*" *Enter* JEMMY, *followed by* ANDREW *and three Villagers, with lanthorns and sticks.* L. 1 E.)

Jem. On the bridge—Look on the bridge. (*Some of the Villagers go on the bridge.*)

And. He's not here.

Jem. Indeed—indeed, I saw him there—dead.—(ALICE *screams, and rushes in* L. H. 1 E. *followed by* BELLA.

Ali. Dead! no, no—let me—let me die for him. (ALICE *falls senseless near the bridge.* BELLA *drops on her knees to assist her.—The villagers continue their search.*)

TABLEAU.—END OF ACT 1.

CHARACTERS REPRESENTED

IN THE

SECOND ACT.

Captain Bertram, a Pirate .	Mr. YATES.
Blackadder, his Lieutenant .	Mr. S. SMITH.
Grampus, an Outcast . .	Mr. O. SMITH.
Marmaduke Magog, a parish Beadle	Mr. JOHN REEVE.
Jemmy Starling, a Married man	Mr. BUCKSTONE.
Walter Barnard, a Sailor .	Mr. HEMMING.
Culverdine . . . . . Pirates	Mr. MORRIS.
Barbelot	Mr. V. WEBSTER.
Reynolds	Mr. CHAPMAN.
Avery	Mr. WILLING.
Gaffer Fallowfield . .	Mr. WILSON.

Andrew---Harry---Thomas.

Pirates, Countrymen,
Revenue Officers, &c. &c.

Alice, a Bridesmaid . .	Mrs. YATES.
Bella, the Bride . .	Mrs. FITZWILLIAM
Lucy	Miss STALLARD.
Mrs. Starling . . .	Miss BEAUMONT.

Villagers.

A lapse of Five years is supposed to have occurred since the First Act.

ACT. II.

Summer.

"And after her came jolly June arrayed
"All in green leaves, as he a player were."

SPENSER.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

An extensive landscape—All the trees in full leaf and flower. Meadows in the distance, with haystacks, &c.; the Scene forming a contrast to the First Act. Lively music heard to which villagers are supposed to be dancing. BELLA *enters* R. H. U. E. *her dress is not so girlish as in Act the first, but still humble.*

Bel. Dear, dear—how warm I am. I'm glad I've got away from the dance, for Mr. Magog does teaze me so, I can't get a moment to myself. How astonished every body will be when they hear I'm going to be married to-morrow. No one knows it yet, but my poor sister, myself, and I know who.—I thought to have met him here, as he is to see me home to-night.—Poor sister Alice, I wish she would not fret, and be so silent, and look so dull as she always does—all the crying in the world won't bring a dead sweetheart to life again. I'm sure I do all I can to make her merry. Dear! dear! and to-morrow I'm to be married; who would have thought it! And I shall be so well off too—Ah, I was determined when I met with a young man to my liking, never to say *no*, when I meant *yes*.

Song.

Little lasses be cautious, and never say *no*
When your meaning is yes,
When your meaning is yes,
At your word, all your lovers may take ye, you know—
Then your fate you may guess,
Then your fate you may guess.
When love and chance produce the man,
All should marry when they can,
Else your fate, soon or late
Is the willow—the willow,
That dullest of trees, the green willow.

When once you have got a true lover in view,
Don't let him entreat,
Don't let him entreat,
For a proverb you've heard, that is certainly true;
Which now I'll repeat—
Which now I'll repeat—

"She who will not when she may,
When she would shall have nay;"
Then your fate, soon or late,
Is the willow—the willow,
That dullest of trees, the green willow.

Enter MILES, R. H. U. E. *he pauses for a moment regarding* BELLA; *he wears a lace coat and embroidered vest, his manner is bold and sailor like.*

Mil. Well sung, my pretty little mermaid.

Bel. Ah Miles, I knew you'd be here, though you are past your time.

Mil. I've been busy, my girl, putting the old Manor-house in proper trim to receive its new mistress; for since my poor mother died, and I have been away, uncles, friends, and chancellors have allowed the family hall to go to pieces; but to-morrow, my girl, the old wide chimnies shall send forth a sight that has long been wanting at their summits. Does Alice intend to go with us to the church?

Bel. Yes, poor girl, I have prevailed on her at last. Hasn't she altered since you saw her five years ago? It is five years, I think?

Mil. Yes, Bella, it is now five years since I left my home for the sea; you were then but a merry little grig; I never dreamt at that time of returning and loving you so dearly as I do. But, as you say, Alice is much changed.

Bel. We have seen a deal of trouble you know, Miles; our poor father has been ill and helpless so long, and we have been obliged to live in such a lonely cottage too, all among the flat swampy marshes and broad ditches. I've sometimes sat looking at the old willows about the place in the evening till I've turn'd so melancholy, and have really fancied I've seen the ghost of Walter Barnard staring me full in the face. Oh, *(shuddering)* dreadful was'nt it?

Mil. Ah! poor Walter, no one knew what became of him, eh?

Bel. He was attack'd by robbers, they say, on the night he left his mother's; Starling and Magog made oath they saw him

dead or dying. They, you know, were frightened and ran for help, but when they returned he was not to be found: it seems he tried to reach the village, but being so weak from the wounds he had received, fell into one of the dykes and was drowned; because many months after a man was found in a large one near the bridge, and everybody said it was poor Walter—

Mil. Was it ever suspected who killed—that is who stopped him?

Bel. Oh! yes—

Mil. Indeed.

Bel. It was some smugglers that used to come here, and because Walter had quarrelled with a party of them sometime before, they revenged themselves by killing him.

Mil. What did Alice think?

Bel. Oh, poor girl, no one ever mentions it to her now—we thought she would have died at the time, and I don't think she has been right since.

Mil. We must make her happy, Bella. We'll be kind and good to her—won't we?—Bless your dear little face, I forget all my past perils when I look upon it. Bella you'd go round the world with me I think?

Bel. Twice round it with you, Miles.

Mil. Then should I take another voyage you would be my birthmate?

Bel. I should not let you go alone be sure on't. But I trust, I hope you won't have occasion to go to sea again.

Mil. No—no—I only wished to learn how far your love would carry you.

Bel. You don't doubt it, I hope?

Mil. I do not—or I would'nt have asked you, dear Bella. When shall you leave your hay-feast?

Bel. Oh—very soon, I am almost tired, and wishing to go home, for I intend to be very happy to-morrow.

Mil. Well, return to your friends; I'll be with you presently and dance with you.

Bel. You'll not be long.

Mil. Not the turning of an hour glass [*Exit* R. H.

Enter MAGOG, L. H. U. E. *in a Beadle's dress and carrying a staff.*

Mag. Very pretty rigs indeed. Are you aware, young woman, of the danger you've been running into?

Bel. Eh! Bless me, its Mr. Magog; you've been home and put on your new dress.

Mag. You would'nt notice me in my plain clothes, so I thought I'd go home to redress and astonish you into admiration.

Bel. So you were appointed Beadle yesterday.

Mag. Yes: the memory of my late father still living in the minds of the vestry, I was proposed *nemine contradicente*, as the wise express themselves. You see me now upon the throne of the Beadles: I'm Magog the second.

Bel. Now I hope you're happy.

Mag. No—I've another step to make before I arrive at the steeple of my hopes.

Bel. What step is that?

Mag. The one that will place me in your heart; I'm still a bachelor—say but the word, and I'll lay my office and my cocked hat at your feet. You shall be the beadle's lady.

Bel. I'm sorry to reject you, Mr. Magog; but—

Mag. That wild young squire who just left you stands in my way, eh?—Take care, young woman, you can't tell what monkey tricks he may have been up to in foreign parts. I hope you'll be very circumspect, for the parish has too many burthens already, more than it can bear; though if ever I do wait on him officially, I shall see that he behaves handsomely to you.

Bel. You insulting fellow—I've half a mind to knock you down with your own staff. What do you mean, sir?

Mag. My meaning's obvious—obvious, as Churchwarden

Snubbs said, when he proposed a new rate and a large dinner—a guinea a head and half-a-crown the waiter.

Bel. Upon my life, I'll box your ears—you good for nothing, nasty, large blue beadle.

Mag. Come, come, don't you call names, you little undersized yellow-hammer, with a blue tail.

Bel. Ask me to dance with you again, this evening, if you dare.

Mag. Nay, Bella, hear me; overpowered as I am at this moment, I scarcely know how to express myself in terms sufficient ——

Bel. Oh! Don't address any of your stupid vestry speeches to me;—go along, sir.

Mag. But, Bella——

Bel. Don't come near me.

Music.—ANDREW, HARRY, THOMAS, *and a group of villagers enter,* R. H. U. E. *dancing.—Magog follows Bella about.—Three village musicians head the groupe, dance round* R H. *and up* L. H.—*The musicians sit on bank,* L. H.

Andrew. Come, come, let's have a dance here, and when the sun sets, we'll into the barn, eh, lads? So, take your partners. Bring in the barrel of ale to be tapp'd; for good ale, like your true Briton, loves liberty.—(*Two villagers bring on a barrel of ale on a stand,* R. H. U. E. *and place it* L. H. S. E.)—Now, my pretty Bella, will you dance with me?

Harry. No, no; with me.

Thomas. No, no; I was promised.

Mag. Stop, stop, silence—my claim is prior.

And. Here comes Gaffer Fallowfield—he shall decide this dispute.

Enter GAFFER FALLOWFIELD, *with a stick,* 1 E. R. H.

And. Now, Gaffer, who shall Bella dance with?

Gaff. Dance with? with me, to be sure; though I havn't

shaken a toe these twenty years;—My little darling, here—(*Chucking* BELLA *under the chin*)—makes me feel quite young again.

And. Then that's settled. Now, fiddlers, strike up.

Music.—Country Dance. GAFFER *and* BELLA *lead off—after a few steps, Gaffer is exhausted and retires to a chair,* R. H 1 E.—BELLA *looks round for him,* MAGOG *runs to take his place —they dance a few steps,* BELLA *dancing very reluctantly, when* MILES *enters* 1 E. R. H. *pushes* MAGOG *away, and starts down the dance with* BELLA *with great animation.—A storm comes on—All cry "A Storm," and retreat. Villagers go off* U. E. R. and L. MILES *shelters* BELLA *off,* 1 E. L. H.—MAGOG *covers female Villager with his coat and takes her off,* R H. 1 E.

SCENE II.

Front landscape—The stage dark — Storm continued — Two pistols fired L. H.—*Grampus rushes on* L. H. *His appearance is wretched in the extreme—He looks around him in terror.*

Gra. Where shall I fly for safety? It was them, I know it was—they saw me, and in an instant a dozen pistols were discharged after me. They thought me dead—but, no, no—I am here to denounce them, and their murderous leader. (*Thunder*) They come—where shall I conceal? Ha! the marshes—to the marshes!—(*The lightning flashes full in his face as he is rushing off; he retreats—then, shrouding his face with his hands, goes off* R. H.)

SCENE III.

Interior of ALICE'S *cottage; its appearance bespeaks extreme poverty, a door in* R. H. *flat, a window in* L. H. *flat, the shutters are unclosed.—A carbine hangs up near the door—A table and two chairs—A lighted candle and a work-basket on table.*

Enter JEMMY STARLING, R. H. 1 E.

Jem. I'm afeard poor Alice's father will never get his cornwall essence any more; I ha' just brought him home from the Physickiners in a tilt cart, and arter carrying to his bed-room he has dropp'd off to sleep—poor man, he be quite unconscionable to what's going on about him.

Enter ALICE, R. H. 1 E. *pale, and dressed in half-mourning.*

Ali. Have you told me all that the physician said, James?

Jem. I don't like to peat too much—'cause you see he spoke but badly on him.

Ali. Badly!

Jem. He said as how he thought every one of his simpletons was much aggreviated since he seed un last.—(ALICE *goes to the table and takes needle work from the basket on it.*

Ali. But did he give no hopes of his getting better.

Jem. No, he only give me a bit o' paper which I took to Doctor Bone's, who mixed up summut nice in a marble basin, and charged me thirty-pence for it—which I gave you—(*Thunder and lightning.*) Shall I shut the shutters to keep out the lightning.

Ali. No, no, I'm not frightened—I'm only alarmed at Bella's not returning—I did not think she would stay so late.

Jem. Shall I go and seduce her home?

Ali. She may be waiting till the storm has subsided—you know I shall want you here in the morning to wait upon my father.

Jem. Oh yes! while Miss Bella goes to be wedded in matrimony. What a good thing it will be for both on you, to be sure. And moreover, what a grand lady Miss Bella will be.

Ali. No good for *me*, James; for *her*, poor girl, I hope it will; but for myself, I think I could rather die than receive a kindness at his hands. Yet I must not sacrifice poor Bella's happiness to my dislike. You know, James, I don't mind talking to you—you are a kind hearted lad, and my very old acquaintance. You were my poor Walter's favourite, too: and 'twas you that saw him when—when—*(She covers her face with her hands.)*

Jem. Now, now, Miss Alice, don't rake up such thoughts again; they be very onpleasant rummynuisances, as Doctor Bone says. I like your calling me a lad vastly, when I am now a married man, and the infectionate parent of two little hairs—a boy and a girl. If the human speeches are to be called boys when they be fathers, when are they to be called men, I wonder.—*(A knock at the door,)*—Ah, here be Bella.—*(He opens the door,* BELLA *enters.)*

Bel. Ah, dear Alice, didn't you think me late? I have quite escaped the storm, for Mr. Bertram took me to one of his cottages, and ordered a covered chaise for Gaffer Coulter to drive me home in. I was so afraid you might be uneasy about me.

Ali. (L.) I hope you have been happy, Bella.

Bel. (C.) Very happy; Mr. Bertram danced with me, and every body seemed so amazed. Ah, James, I didn't see you. You know our secret by this time, I suppose?—*(She goes up and puts her cloak on the chair.)*

Jem. (R.) Oh, yes, I've been permitted into competence; but I must go home now, for my wife will be a waiting for *me*, and getting deranged at my stay.

Ali. (L.) You'll remember the morning, James. You are very kind to come here, when all the village were holiday-making. I shall not forget it.

Jem. I'd do any thing for you, and I only hope you'll not give way to desperation and unhappy quandariousness, and such like nervous infections, as Doctor Bone says; and don't be frightened when I'm gone, 'cause I know this be a mighty ghostly and lonesome place like.—*(Thunder.)*—Dear, dear, the storm's coming on again, I must run for it. Good night, pleasant dreams to you. You'll send me a bit o' cake, Bella.—(*Exit* D. F.)

Bel. Oh, yes; good night, Jemmy.

Ali. Good night.—*(Goes to table and sits to work.)*—Fasten the door, Bella; I must finish this work before I go to rest, for we want money sadly; and dame Hollybush always pays upon delivery.

Bel. *(Bolts door.)*—My poor father is no better, I suppose?—*(Sits* L. H. *of table.)*—Thank heaven, it will soon be in my power to give him a few comforts, and those, with proper attention, may yet do wonders.—*(Thunder.)*—Bless me how the storm continues; Alice, dear, I hope you'll strive to be a little cheerful in the morning.

Ali. I will, Bella, indeed I will; its the only recompense I can make for the pain my dislike to your marriage has occasioned you.

Bel. And do you then blame me for yielding to Captain Bertram?

Ali. No—no—I cannot blame you; though my opinion of him remains unaltered, I do not require you to be guided by them.—*(Flash of lightning seen through the window,* GRAMPUS *appears watching them; he looks for a moment, then disappears.)*

Bel. *(Seeing him.)*—Ah,—*(screams, rises, and hides her face.)*

Ali. What alarms you?—*(Rises and goes to her.)*

Bel. Oh, such a dreadful face.

Ali. Where?

Bel. Looking through the window at us.

Ali. Nonsense, it must have been your fancy.

Bel. No, no, it was not; oh such a shocking looking countenance, I know we shall be murdered in this lonely place some night.

Ali. (R.) Don't be alarmed, child, I'll close the shutters.

Bel. No—no—*(Clinging to her.)* Don't go near the window.

Ali. Nonsense, Bella, nonsense; when you are mistress of Moatley Manor you must have a better heart than this. I see no one, come and convince yourself.

Bel. No, I dare not.

Ali. *(Closing shutters and fastening them.)*—There now, you'll see no more frightful faces but mine, and I am afraid I look sad and ghastly enough sometimes. Go to rest, Bella, I'm sure you must need it; I shall remain up to work. You fastened the door, I think.—*(She turns to look at the door, when the latch moves up and down—it is seen by both.)*

Bel. (L.)—Look, look there,—the latch

Ali. (R.)—Hush! don't speak so loud; you,—you see I'm not frightened; only a little startled: hush! I'll go to the door.

Bel. No, no, come away.

Ali. *(Advancing to the door.)*—Who's there?—*(footsteps heard.)*—Hush, I hear receding footsteps; it is some villain that would rob us, no doubt. What can he expect to obtain here?—*(footsteps again)*—hush! he comes again.—*(The latch is moved again, and the door shaken violently.)*

Bel. Oh, we shall be murdered—help! help!

Ali. Silence; hush—where did your father put the gun flints he brought from Rochfort in the spring?

Bel. In the pocket of his leather waistcoat.

Ali. Fetch them.

Bel. You don't mean to ———

Ali. Do as I bid you.—*(takes down carbine.)*

Bel. Yes, yes, I will. [*Exit* R. H. 1 E. *on tiptoe.*

Ali. I'll defend my poor father's life, and my sister's to the utmost.—*(Opening table drawer.)*—Here are powder, and bul-

lets, and paper for wadding. Come, Bella, come;—(*Re-enter* BELLA *with gun flints*, R. H. 1 E.)—the flint will do—don't be frightened, Bella, we are on the inside of stout doors and shutters.—(*Loading carbine*)—Give me a bullet,—(BELLA *gets them from drawer*)—don't be frightened, dear, I know how to load a gun. I've seen poor Walter charge one often at the farm—more paper,—(*The latch is moved again.*)—there, that will do; now, I think if the villain does break in, we shall be a match for him.—(*The door is shaken.*)—Speak, what want you here? Speak, or I will shoot you.—(BELLA *watches* ALICE *intently; the door is strained as though some one was striving to force it open, and a blow is given upon it;* ALICE *fires—a loud cry is heard without;* ALICE *staggers up towards the door,* BELLA *falls on the floor, in fear, and the scene is shut in.)*

SCENE IV.

A view of the Essex coast—the river in the distance. Laughing without L. H.

BLACKADDER, AVERY, BARBELOT, SMITH, *and a crew of Pirates enter—all furnished with weapons, and dressed in various costumes.*

Black. Ha, ha, ha, I knew the mounseer was a better horseman than Jack Avery.

Avery. (R.) The shy jade need not have pitched me off for all that, but let us catch another brace of these joskins roadsters, and I'll wager Barbelot a gallon of rum, I'll fly over yonder gate as clean as a snow-gull, and he shall be afraid to follow.

Barb. Bah!—non—non—Je ne crains rien.

Black. Tut, we must not be racing with other people's horses at this time; you forget we are now on English ground—we are not on one of our Spanish islands, where all's fish that comes to net—what with our tricks and our rigging, for we all look

like outlandish gallies, half oars and half sails, we shall get a mob at our heels.—Let us look out for our Captain, I know this is the place he was bound for when we parted company.

Avery. Will he be pleased to see us, think you?

Black. He'll be astonished a few—thinking us out at sea—We should have come up with him last night, but for Jack Avery swearing he saw the ghost of Grampus dancing on the marshes, and like fools as we were, we must be giving chase to a shadow.

Smith. (L.) It could'nt be Grampus; did'nt Captain Bertram stab him at Cuba in a quarrel?

Black. Yes, yes. And he ought to have been slung up at the yard arm long before, for a cantankerous swab as he was. But come, my boys, let us now steer for this Moatley Manor, where I know our gallant captain will give us snug berths, 'till we refit, and then for our natural home again, our good ship, and the wide sea.

GLEE.

The Pirate's home is his gallant ship,
And his garden the glassy sea,
In a summer's calm how the moments slip
As he glides o'er the waters free.
But tho' the calm a pleasure brings,
He's a greater joy when the tempest sings.
The storms alarms
For him has charms,
It's thunder is his minstrelsy;
But the joy of all joys is the cheering sight,
When the black flag streams o'er the Rover's fight.
When the prize is won, the battle done,
And he shares the reward of the free.
The Pirate's home is his gallant ship,
And his garden the glassy sea;
In a summer's calm how the moments slip,
As he glides o'er the waters free.

A peal of church bells, and a chorus of female voices heard in distance R. H 1. E.

Be merry, be merry
My pretty bride;
So happy, there's none
In the world beside.

A blessing is yours,
If granny say true,
For the sun, merry lady,
Is shining on you.

Ave. Consarn it all, look a-head; my precious eyes, if there a'nt a splicing match a'foot.

Black. A wedding!—and that figure head—why, Jack, its the Captain—may I starve upon old junk, but this is luck—this accounts for his trip alone.—All hands ready to give him a ringing shout—look—look—and a nice little craft she is—stand aside and let us give the captain's lady a proper welcome,—hark at their merry pipes!

The chorus is repeated, and villagers enter R. H. 1 E. *dancing—the pirates stand aside* L. H. *Magog enters with his staff, followed by Jemmy Starling with a white favor in his hat, and Mrs. Starling on his arm.*

Mag. (C.) Stand aside, good people; his honour has behaved nobly to the ringers, and I've no doubt he won't forget you. Bless me! who are these queer-looking fellows? Foreign churchwardens, I suppose, come over to have lessons from us; take off your hat, little boy—(*to Jemmy.*)

Jem. (R.) Little boy, indeed!—What are you?

Mag. Six foot two, a worthy scion of my old ancestral trunk. Did you never see the statue of my great grandfather's great grandfather in Guildhall?

Jem. Oh, yes—but you be a baby to he, mun.

Mag. You ignorant pleb—uncouth rustic—has not all the world degenerated—and think you, a poor beadle can escape? (*The pirates are kissing the girls, one of them screams*) Be quiet there, let me have no rumpusses.

Music.—The Pirates give three shouts, as MILES *and* BELLA *enter* R. H. 1 E. *followed by* ALICE *dressed in white*—MILES *looks confounded at seeing the Pirates.*

Mil. (C.) Those villains here!—(*aside*)

Black. (L.) Captain, your hand—(*goes to* L. H.)

Ave. Your hand, my noble commander.

Bar. Ah, ah—courage capitane, vous etes un brave—

Bel. (C.) Miles, who are these?

Mil. Some of my old sea companions; don't fear them, they will do you no harm. What the devil brings you here? (*Aside to Black.*)

Black. We've been obliged to put back to refit.

Mil. But you should'n't have come thus equipped.

Black. (L.) Oh, never mind our rigging, captain, so that we keep the luff.

Mil. Bella, I must speak with these fellows a moment—(*retires* L. H. *with Pirates.*)

Ali. (R.) I will leave you now, Bella; I cannot go with you to *his* house, our poor father will want my attention. (*Crosses* to C.)

Bel. Kiss him for me, Alice; tell him that I will see him every day, and that his dear grey hairs shall be laid upon a smoother and a softer pillow, and never more shall a bit of dry stale bread be his only breakfast, but all that's good and dainty shall tempt his appetite.)

Ali. Good bye, dear Bella, (*embracing her*) let me go home alone, I do not wish for company. I'd rather go alone; good bye, bless you, (*going* L. H.)

Mil. (*Comes down* L. H.) What! going without noticing your brother-in-law? we are relations now, Alice, and must not look so coldly upon each other.

Bel. (R.) Take his hand, Alice, folks are by —

Ali. (C.) Well, well, (*Crosses to* L.) I will. Captain, good day—be kind to my poor sister, she's a good girl and —

Miles' hand is extended towards her, she is about to give him her's; she pauses; looks at him, shudders, and rushes off L.H.

Bel. (*Crossing to* L.) Alice, Alice, why is this?

Mil. (*detaining her*) We must humour her—she is not happy, you know, Bella, and we are—come, my bride, your coach is

waiting (*to Jemmy*) stand out of the way, little boy; (*to Pirates*) follow me, and don't forget yourselves.

Exit with BELLA, R. H. 1 E.

Black. Zounds, Avery, we must not part company without a salute from these pretty wenches—Eh, my little lass, (*to Mrs. Starling*) could you love a sailor, now, one that would bring you money, fine lace and rich dresses from foreign shores?

Mrs. S. (C.) No—no—if you please, sir.

Jem. (L.) Mr. Magog—Mr. Magog, look there, that black looking fellow's talking to my wife—take him up.

Mag. (L. C.) You are the guardian of your own honour—as long as public decency is not violated I can't interfere.—(BLACKADDER *is about to kiss her when* JEMMY *goes between.*)

Jem. That's my wife—my lawfully begotten wife—bought and paid for.

Black. You village monopolist—what do you mean by that?

Jem. Keep off; I'm an Englishman, and a match for any two Frenchmen. I'm puggilistic as Doctor Bone says, and have got the organ of fistification in my cranium.—(*The Pirates are kissing the girls.*)

Jem. (*Shaking his wife.*) Go home to the children—go home to the children—(*he pushes her off* R. H. *and follows.*)

Mag. Starling, run home with your wife; boys take care of your girls—we shall have a new rate in the parish.—(*The villagers run off* R. and L. *with the girls. The pirates secure some of the females and go off. Avery stays behind—Knocks Magog's hat over his eyes and runs off* L. E. *Magog fights with his staff.*)

Mag. Help! the parish is insulted; here's a second edition of the Sabine affair among the ancient Romans, published this day in Essex with *cuts*. Oh, my head! Where can all these villains have come from? I begin to suspect Captain Bertram is no better than he should be—there's villainy at work; my soul's in arms—I've been insulted and I'll be revenged—I'll

summon all the parish authorities—I will have justice—*(pacing the stage,)* I'm rous'd, the blood of the beadles is warm within me, and Marmaduke Magog shall let them know he's no degenerate scion of his great ancestral trunk. Get the stocks ready and the cage prepared; they shall feel the weight of a Beadle's vengeance. [*Exit* R. H.

SCENE V.

ALICE'S *Cottage as before.* ALICE *discovered sleeping in the old high back'd chair.*

Ali. (Dreaming.) Miles, Miles, strike him not again. Come, come away, Walter; stand from that place; don't you see his gun is pointed at you. Ah! he's kill'd—kill'd.—*(Rushes forward, and falls on her knees.—Wakes, and looks wildly about.)*—Bella! Bella! come to me. I've been asleep, and dreaming. Give me some water—I'm dying with thirst, Bella!—*(Rises tremblingly, and looks at her white dress with amaze.)*—What's this? What have I to do with a dress of white? Ah! me, to what a strange reality do I awake. Bella is not near me; the cheerer of my broken spirits, the companion of my weary days has left me, and is married—to—Miles Bertram; 'tis he that I have dream'd of; this is the second time I have had that horrid dream; I would not that Bella knew my thoughts of that sad day for worlds. I hope she may be happy: but, alas! she will never seem like my sister again.—*(A knock at the door.)*—Who's there?

Gra. (Without.) Let me in; in the name of pity, let me in.

Ali. Who are you, friend?

Gra. You know me not; let me in; I'm dying—

Ali. Dying!—*(She unbolts the door, opens it, and* GRAMPUS *staggers in; he is in rage, his face pale.—*ALICE *shrinks from him.)*

Ali. (L.) What's the matter?

Gra. Lead me to a chair, and you will learn; let me speak to you before it is too late.—*(She leads him and the chair forward.)*—You are that Alice who once lived with Dame Barnard?

Ali. (L.) I am that unhappy being.

Gra. Fasten the door; be not afraid; you see I have not the power to harm you; bar the door, and keep them out.

Ali. Keep out whom?

Gra. Villains!

Ali. Ah!—*(Goes up* L. *and fastens door.)*

Gra. Villains, as great, but not greater than myself.

Ali. (R. H.) Who has done this?

Gra. You.

Ali. Gracious powers; was it then—

Gra. Hush! I'll tell you all. I have been hunted here for that purpose; twice have I been hunted here, and have escaped them.—Listen. I have but a short time for explanations. Do you recollect last night, a man strove to enter this cottage—

Ali. Yes; we thought 'twas a robber.

Gra. You fired a carbine at him.

Ali. I did.

Gra. Look here.—*(Pulls aside his jacket, and discovers blood on his Guernsey vest, and falls in the chair.)*

Ali. Oh! I am your murderer, and you have come to reproach me for destroying you.

Gra. No, no, I have not; but hush! do you hear them coming?

Ali. You hear nothing but the wind. Whom do you fear so dreadfully?

Gra. Those I escaped from last night, when I would have entered here.—*(Strives to untie a loose kerchief round his neck.)*—I can't untie it; do it—do it, for me.

Ali. *(Unties it.)* There, there.

Gra. Open it. *(She shakes it open, and a purse falls out on the floor.)* Take up that.

Ali. *(Views it with horror.)* Oh! save me; I shall die.

Gra. No, no; be bold, and listen. *(He rises, totters to her, takes up and opens the purse, and produces a folded piece of paper.)* Open this paper.

Ali. *(Trembling.)* I will; I will; but don't come near me; your touch makes my flesh creep on my bones. *(She opens the paper, and produces a lock of hair, then looks stedfastly at* GRAMPUS.) Are you the murderer of Walter Barnard?

Gra. I helped to murder him; but he who really did the deed, is now your sister's husband.

Ali. No, no, say it not; deny it not; You are the man—you must be—you are.—*(Falls on her knees to him.)*

Gra. I am dying, and speak but the truth. Seek him; he thought me slain—slain by his own hand at Cuba; but I have lived to be revenged.

Ali. Ah! my sister—my poor unhappy sister.

Gra. Come near me; I—I am dying—your sister—she is married to him, but he is married to another.

Ali. Another! Who is she? Where is she? When did he marry her?

Gra. Far, far away—when we were friends—such friends as pirates and murderers can be.

Ali. A pirate, too!

Gra. Save your sister—he will soon be taken; I have caused that to be doing—and, if you *can*, forgive me——

Ali. I do forgive you, miserable man; and may you meet forgiveness there.

Gra. Thanks—thanks—water.—*(She goes and unbolts the door.)*—Some water, young woman.—*(Staggers back.)*—Parch'd—parch'd; where are you? All is dark—dark—*(He falls dead on the floor. Alice stands stupified with horror.)*

Ali. Ah! I shall fall—my senses fail—the floor sinks beneath

me—this is some dark dream—'tis no reality.—*(She pauses.)* My sister Bella! Oh! let me fly to save her.

[*Rushes out.*

SCENE VI.

Landscape Drop—Enter MAGOG, STARLING, MRS. STARLING, *and villagers, armed with pitchforks, bill-hooks, sledge-hammers, &c.* R. H.

Two peasants bring on a small barrel.

All. Silence! Silence!

Mag. (*Mounting on barrel.*)—My brave parishioners—

All. Silence!

Mag. We have met to rid the parish of a gang of unpeaceable and lawless villains who have insulted you. You have all been insulted, brother parishioners. Am not I the representative of your dignity, and the guardian of your peace and morals? And was not I basely, and with malice aforethought, knocked about by vagabonds who run up and down, and secrete themselves in this county, and who, having no respect for a constituted authority and the delegate of a westry, and being without the fear of a beadle before their eyes, did wantonly break the king's peace and my head.

Jem. And kiss my wife.

Mag. And, moreover, are they not charged with manslaughter?

Jem. And fellow de sea?

Mag. Hold your tongue, and don't imterrupt a public orator. You must all rush to the poll, which is my staff, and defend your constitution—which is the parish.

Jem. That's all sound larning and wholesome doctrine; nothing like it when the constitution's in a billated state, as Doctor Bone said at the election.

Mag. Mr. Starling will lead you to the place appointed for the general rendezvous. Remember, the parish expects that every man this day will do his duty.

Jem and Vill. Hurrah!—*(Jemmy leads off the villagers* L. H. *shouting.—Two villagers remain.*

Mag. Why do you remain?—*(They point to the barrel.)*—Oh, you want the hustings.—*(They take up the barrel and go off* L. H.)

Mag. (with dignity.) Forward to the scene of action. Your beadle will follow behind and lead you on.

SCENE VII.

An old hall in Moatley Manor-house, large folding doors at back; on the R. and L. H. U. E. *are doors.—A high practicable window* L. H. *A table and chairs,* L. H.—BERTRAM'S *crew heard within,* L. H. U. E. *drinking "The Captain and his messmate." Blackadder discovered alone.*

Black. (drinking) "The captain and his messmate," that I'll drink with all my heart. I shall be well pleased when my watch is over, that I may join the jolly dogs.

Enter AVERY *with* 1*st pirate* C. D.

Ave. (R.) Where's the captain?

Black. (C.) Carousing there like a true heart.

Ave. I must see him. It *was* Grampus; I saw the villain's face as clear as daylight.

Enter MILES L. H. D.

Mil. What say you? have you seen him?

Ave. (R.) Yes, captain; and in worse trim than a Portuguese beggar. We gave him chase over the flats, but the dog escaped again.

Mil. Then there's danger in remaining here. I had hoped he was silenced; but he has more lives than a wild cat. Cul-

verdine, get a boat ready in the Gulley-creek, that we may be ready to put out to sea. Away.—*(Exit* CULVERDINE, C. D.)—Blackadder, tell the crew to prepare for an attack. Such a thing may happen.—*(Exit* BLACKADDER, C. D.)—Avery, my arms!—*(Exit* AVERY, U E. L. H.)—Lucy!—*(Enter* LUCY, R. H. D.)—Tell your mistress I'll not keep her long a prisoner in her apartment.

Re-enter AVERY, U E. L. H. *with pistols;* MILES *puts them in his belt.*

Lucy. La, sir, be you going to put on them pistol things? Missus said you had left them off for good.

Mil. Barbelot!

Enter BARBELOT, L. H. U. E. *smoking.*

Barb. Oui, Monsieur.

Mil. Saddle the beasts in the stable.

Bar. A la instant.—*(Going.)*

Mil. (to Lucy.) Tell your mistress I shall soon be with her. Now to look after my sea-chest. [*Exeunt* R. H. U. E.

Luc. Well, this is the queerest wedding I have ever seen. I thought I should have had a nice quiet place here; but ever since those French fellows have come, all's been topsy-turvy.

Alice. (Without.) Let me pass; I am her sister. Let me pass, I say.—*(Enters breathless,* C. D.)—Where's your mistress?

Luc. La, ma'am, this is her wedding night.

Ali. Where is she, I say?

Luc. Here, ma'am, here.—*(points* R. H. D.)

Ali. Is she alone?

Luc. She will not be so in a few moments: but what a curious question!

Ali. (Crosses to R.*)* Stand aside, woman;—Bella, Bella, come to me Bella. *(Exit into room,* R. H.

Luc. I had better tell my master of this: for people do say

that poor young woman's not in her right mind. Dear, dear, this is a most curious wedding. [*Exit* R. H. U E.

Re-enter ALICE *wildly dragging out* BELLA.

Bel. Alice, Alice, is this real, or—

Ali. Or am I mad, you would ask me, Bella? No, I am not mad! but unless you come home with me, I *shall* be so. He murdered Walter Barnard. I have proofs: the purse, the lock of hair I gave him, and the confession of an accomplice.—*(She is forcing* BELLA *up the Stage when* MILES *enters.)*

Mil. So you've the confession of an accomplice, have you? But your sister will not leave me. She is my wife; release your hold of her!

Ali. (C.) Never, but with death. I come not to reproach you; I am but here to save my sister. Come, Bella, leave this man, who calls himself your husband, but who owns another wife.

Bel. Ah!—*(Crosses to* C.)

Mil. (L). Yes, Bella. I am married to another, but I never loved her; 'till I knew you, I thought I had loved many. Leave me—you must not—will not—no—you cannot leave me, Bella. —*(Takes her hand imploringly.)*

Bel. Ah! misery!

Ali. Do you hear the assassin confess his guilt; and will you give countenance to the death of Walter Barnard?

Bel. No, no.—*(Clinging to* ALICE.)—Take me from him; but do not hurt him; take me away, far away, Alice.

Mil. (L.) You have told me, dearest Bella, you would go twice round the world with me. Look at me, Bella; tell me you will bear me company, and a few moments will see us no longer here. If I stay I shall die. A violent and wretched death then is certain: and if *you* go not with me, go *I* will not.

Ali. Come not near her; suffer her to quit this house—

Mil. With me—

Ali. With you?—*(regarding him with horror.)*

Mil. By hell she *shall*—she *shall* go with me.

Ali. (R.) No, no; cling to me, sister, cling to me. You know your Alice; though grief has worn her to a shade, she can be firm. Cling to me, sister.

Bel. (*crosses to Miles.*) Leave me; and never, never think of me again.

Mil. (L.) Leave you, and never think of you—*(wildly.)*—Oh, Bella, Bella, quit you I cannot—will not: but you can fly with me. I have horses ready, and my ship is at hand. Fly with me, Bella, and I will lead you where the delights of life are ever new My gallant bark shall bear you safe from every danger; my fearless crew shall be your slaves; the wide sea, and all its coasts and islands, shall yield their riches to you, and I will worship you, adore you, and live and die with you. —*(Falling on his knees to her.*—ALICE *is forcing* BELLA *up the stage, when he springs furiously on his feet.)*

Mil. All hands ahoy.—*(All the pirates rush in.)* Bring out the swiftest horses, and tell Reynolds that I take the command to-night: bid him set all sail the ship will carry. Barbelot! a moi. Jai besoin de vos forces vous jouiez votre role ice. All hands ahoy! [*Exeunt* C. D.

Ali. (R.) What shall we do, Bella? the villains mean to carry you off to sea.—*(Distant murmurs,* C. D.)

Barb. (L.) Ma foi! what is dat?—*(Goes out at* C. D. *looks over ballustrade.* ALICE *watching, flies to door and fastens it.)*

Ali. (L.) Courage, sister, we may yet escape them. Can you leap from that window? 'tis our only chance.

Barb. *(Without.)* Ouvrir! ouvrir!

Bel. Shew me the way, Alice, I will follow you.

Ali. I will first see the height from the ground.—*(She moves the table and chair, and places it under the window—* BELLA *assisting.)*

Barb. Ouvrir! Ouvrir!

Ali. Presently, sir, presently.—*(Mounts the table and looks*

out.)—Ah! the place is surrounded with armed people, and the window, I am afraid, is too high for us.—*(Murmurs.)*—Ah! What form is that among the crowd? Oh! how like him! No, no, it cannot be. He looks at me; he waves his hand! Bella! Bella! help me down.—*(She descends.)*—I am surely mad—

Mil. *(without,* C. D.) Undo the door.

Bel. Who have you seen, Alice?

Ali. Don't ask me; I cannot trust my senses: these scenes have turned my brain.

Mil. Undo the door, or I will break it open.—*(Music.—The door is forced open with a crash.—*MILES *rushes in, followed by* BLACKADDER *and* AVERY.*)*

Mil. (*seizing* BELLA.) Follow me without a murmur.

Ali. You shall not rob me of my sister.

Mil. Quit your hold! the hounds of the law are at my heels. Quit your hold, or you shall roll a corse at my feet—*(Gives* BELLA *to* BARBELOT, *who takes her off* C. D.; *he presenting a pistol to* ALICE *in* R. H. *corner.)*—We must fight through them, lads.—(MILES *is rushing up to follow* BELLA, *when* WALTER *enters* C. D. *in the dress of a Sailor.*—MILES *takes the* L. H. WALTER *in* C., *with a bludgeon.*—ALICE *screams and falls.)*

Mil. Horror! has the dead returned? Walter Barnard!

Wal. Yes, villain, I *have* returned. You thought me dead: I was borne from the marshes to the sea; but have returned from a prison and from slavery to declare you to the world, and save the innocent.—(WALTER *turns to* ALICE *and assists her to rise; she falls upon his neck.)*

Mil. Forward, and fire!—(*Music.*—MILES *is rushing out furiously, when two Revenue Officers appear, and fire at him, he staggers back wounded.—Some of the Pirates are seen engaged with the Officers.)*

Mil. Upon 'em, lads; board in on the quarter. Culverdine, a broadside. Fight, Barbelot, fight. Huzza! we've won,

we've won! Up with the black flag!—Ha! Ha!—*(He gazes wildly round him and falls;* BELLA *runs on from the back, kneels to him, and raises his head—he is dead. The Pirates appear overpowered by numbers.)*

Disposition of the Characters at the Fall of the Curtain.

PIRATES, COUNTRYMEN, AND OFFICERS.

WALTER, ALICE, BELLA, MILES, BLACKADDER, OFFICER.
R. L.

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